the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, whē a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion, in the which beter part I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead, how if hee ſhould counterfeit too and riſe? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therfore ile make him ſure, yea, & ile ſweare I kilde him: VVhy may not he riſe aſwel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe, Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come brother Iohn, ful brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden ſword.

Iohn. But ſoft, whome haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falſtalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. VVhy Percy I kilde my ſelfe, and ſaw thee deade.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying? I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long howre by Shrewſburie clocke, if I may bee beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I wold make him eate a peece of my ſword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother Iohn,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt termes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded.

Prin. The trumpers ſound retreat, the day is ours,
Come brother lets to the higheſt of the field
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay for reward. He that rewardes mee, God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow leſſe, for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The trumpets ſound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
Ill ſpirited Worceſter, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and terms of loue to all of you?
And would ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrgde me to
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoided, it fals on me.

K. Beare Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon,
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble Percy ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt,
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my tent,
The Douglas is, and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King